
Title: Naka Gerou's Journal

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(*Excerpted*)

As I write this, I can
hear the celebrations of
some in the crowd
outside my window. For
what seems like countless
weeks now, we've been
ruthlessly attacked by
Ophidian war parties.
Many have fallen prey to
the heavy Ophidian blades.
They inflict indiscriminate,
merciless slaughter upon
us, with no quarter being
shown to neither man,
woman nor child. Native
Papuan or Britannian, who
bravely came to help
defend our town; both
fell equally before the
onslaught.

Yet, I cannot help but to
wonder if this jubilation
is premature. The
Ophidians, with their
seemingly unending ability
to send wave after wave
against our defenses and
with their total disregard
for honorable warfare,
were obviously on the
verge of total victory.
With the battle
practically being fought on
top of those who had
already fallen, with our
supplies running perilously
low, and with total
exhaustion setting in for
those of us left standing,
it was clear that Papua
was soon to be lost.

Yet, the Ophidians have
left, leaving behind
carnage unlike any I have

witnessed in my not
inconsiderable lifespan, but
leaving nonetheless.

I cannot fathom why they
would choose to do this,
unless others have had
more success against
them elsewhere, though
there is no indication
that will prove to be the
case. The few reports
that have managed to get
through have described
scenes much like the
desperate situation that
was Papua only an hour
ago.

Auspicious or inauspicious,
this sudden retreat We
will soon find out.
Unfortunately for the
poor souls gathered
outside, I fear the latter
to be the case.